

THE
ST. JOSEPH'S
COLLEGIAN

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The St. Joseph's Collegian

A LITERARY MAGAZINE

EDITED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR

BY THE STUDENTS

OF

ST. JOSEPH'S JUNIOR COLLEGE

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

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October, 1934

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Chapel and Administration Building As Seen Across the Lake

THE HIGH AIM OF FAILURE

• By Norbert J. Loshe '35

FAILURE is written across the life of every man in letters of various sizes. If the letters remain diminutive in form, there is no reason to be concerned about their meaning; but should they reach stream-line proportions, then it is that the word, failure, shows up in awful significance. Nobody allows ordinary slips along the road to fortune to disturb his peace of mind; but it is different in the case of a real fall — a full-fledged disappointment. The reason for the discomfiture which accompanies a mishap of this kind is that tobogganing down the steps which had been scaled to success ends in a crash which is proportionate in its disillusionment to the height of glory from which the descent was made. In other words, failure is as painful as the aim was high.

In spite of highly probable reverses everywhere to be encountered along the road to fortune and success, advice is freely given to everybody in this world to aim high in choosing objectives and ideals for life. This advice has been followed by many to their great and lasting renown, and again by many to the doom of sorely distressing failure. The work-a-day world has hundreds of examples to offer in the former, and thousands of examples to offer in the latter case. Failure has at all times been more plentiful than success; perhaps due to taking the advice of aiming high too lightly. Is it not because laboring classes aim too high in their demands that strikes usually

prove futile? Do not the sanguine promises made by party men in politics aim so high that failure is clearly enough hovering about the mark or objective indicated? How many organizations, though sponsoring the best of intentions for social welfare, have not been wrecked because failure at the very outset was hidden in the height of their aim? Instead of pounding the old saying, "Aim high," into the heads of people when there is question of a life's work, it were better to change the saying to "Aim safely."

As it happens to be with people in general, so it is with individuals in regard to the advice of "Hitching your wagon to a star." It were better to hitch it to a turtle if the star is going too fast or is quite out of reach. Napoleon Bonaparte wanted to hitch his wagon to all the heavens; half of this earth, at least, he would own; he found all that he owned on St. Helena. DeLesseps wanted to scratch his way through Panama; but he did scratch his way to disgrace. Bismarck wanted to be the busiest man in Germany; but he did get long years of time to think of being buried in a tree instead of in the ground as his biographers relate. In ancient times, failure took its toll of high aims as well. Old Croesus found this out to his lasting regret; so did the later Cyrus; so did Hannibal. To tell of all whom failure bereaved of success because of high aims would mean to write a sad history of the human race.

In the domain of letters, things do not stand otherwise than they do in other spheres of human activity. Only too frequently aims were set too high by authors for their sustaining powers, and, in consequence, their biographies say that they failed to complete the great work they had undertaken. Thus "The Morning Star of English Song," Geoffrey Chaucer, did not finish his grand song by a good bit; Edmund Spenser left his "Fairy Queen" hang in the air; John Milton sprawled into insignificance with his "Paradise Regained." Fragments, odds and ends, inferior workmanship, and sometimes only quotations and mere names are the kernels harvested from the literary field when failure has finished its threshing. Not that these kernels have no value; they are priceless, but they are left to sparkle alone like diamonds cast out of their settings.

Yet, it is not to be regarded as a reason for discouragement because failure has stalked many a man whose aim was too high in life for his powers to sustain his efforts. It is merely a warning to be reasonable in making a choice. To have one's soul fired by an ambition that is out of proportion to the probable length of human life means to set an aim for oneself that is out of proportion with the dictates of good, hard sense. Shakespeare, for instance, gives no evidence anywhere in his dramatic works that he planned undertakings beyond the reach of his powers. There was no idea in his head to produce a work that "man should not willingly let die." His aim was true, safe, and on the level with his mental gifts. The same must be said of Dante. Though neither of the two finished minor productions which they took in hand, yet their major life's work stands completed, and failure has

no part in it. These men seemingly heeded the old proverb, "Wear the shoes if they fit you."

Ambition, of course, and enthusiasm must in particular sway the lives of younger people. Their minds must have something of worth to engage their talents, or frivolity and dissipation will bring them to ruin. Opinions of this kind are given abundantly in books treating with the problems of youth, but in these same books, one finds nothing stated more often than the warning that ideals and aims cannot be too lofty for young people in the affairs of life. Certainly, "Avoiding affairs, and born to secure ease," as writers of these books insist, is not a suitable ideal for those among us who are beginning to travel the road of life; but neither is it the correct ideal to think of stars alone as desirable horses to draw one's wagon of fortune over the rough and jolting highway that runs through life in this world. No matter what rosy prospects may be held out to those who choose to aim high in the career they have selected — prospects often made enticing by proverbs and maxims — no one who has written for the guidance of young people will dare say that the road through life is as smooth as a cement slab, providing objectives and ideals will only be lofty enough. There is many a youth who is led to think that this kind of smoothness is a certainty for him if only he will aim high, little reckoning with the jolts, ravines, abysses, and again roughened peaks, all lying in his way and requiring to be passed over. Hence it is that high aims and failure are so intimately associated in so many lives.

What attitude then is one to take in preparing for the struggle with the ob-

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stacles to success? Evidently, a life that has no success to its credit is wasted. Little better may be said of a life that attempted success by means of such high aims as made failure inevitable. To avoid a wasted life, one must begin with requiring much of oneself; but in making that demand, talents and qualifications must be taken into account. There is no sense in beginning to build and not being able to complete the structure, and just as little sense is there to be found in trying to become what another person happens to be, as human fortunes will always remain as

different as human faces. But there is sense in contemplating the worth of solid advice; there is sense in emulating the success of others; there is sense in striving to make use of one's powers to the utmost degree to reach an aim or objective that is clearly within one's reach.

With an aim well levelled, consistent with one's capacities, not too high or too low, at the success one hopes to achieve, failure, at least in stream-line type, will be prevented from daubing its ugly and painful meaning on the scheme, undertaking, and career of one's life.

Autumn Moon

by

J. Samis '35

When toils of day are done
And lights grow dim
While kindly slumber with his downy cloak
Sits at the bedside to await
Him who would sleep;
Then just for one sweet hour more I crave
To watch the guardian light of night,
The full-blown Autumn Moon,
As quietly she speeds her lonely way
Through boundless depths and vast
Domains that mock the tiny sphere of earth
On which poor man will stake his gains.

Lo! how creation widens on my view
When night has reached its noon,
And in a flood of silver light
I see the woodland glade;
The pasture where in rustic glee
The beetle hums his modest tune;
The rows of ripened corn;
The pumpkins yellow on the vine;
All resting under glorious canopy
Of rarest blue
With one lone ornament for its design,
The full-faced Autumn Moon.

Then wrapped in contemplation's dreams
I muse on high and holy themes;
But in my sleep,
I often think that I have turned
With grateful eyes
To watch the gorgeous Autumn Moon.



THE GOLD OF THE SUNSET

• By Justin F. Serocinski '35

JOHN Cummings' home," people said as they drove by. Strangely enough, when they drove past other places they did not say, "Smith's home, Jones' home."

On a hill, a full quarter of a mile from the highway, almost hidden by a clump of trees, stood this engaging home of John Cummings. A gently curving stone walk led to its portico. Resting on this portico were two tiny gables that peered with their one-eyed windows over the tree tops like peeping urchins. At the rear of the home, towering pines kept stately guard. The surroundings, all told, suggested that the occupant of the home might be an old aristocratic lady of mincing tastes, and not a stalwart man whom no one would choose to call handsome. But it was plain John Cummings, who lived here and made this attractive dwelling his farm home.

For years old John had been known to his neighbors as a serious and somewhat gloomy fellow, a man of habits altogether out of keeping with his remarkably pleasant home. His greetings were always curt; his speech jerky, and always accompanied

by a pulling at his schnozzle-like nose, as if he meant to coax the thing to help him think. To his wife, however, he was known to be a genuine old dear. He adored her, as it seemed, because of her pious, refined, Frenchy manners that were just the opposite to anything he might discover in himself. For thirty-five years he had now lived with her; one and all years of hard work and no play. But time often turns things about and that, too, when changes are least expected. Happiness was just in the offing for John and suddenly became a reality.

Tim Cummings, the oldest child of the family and his father's favorite, had returned from a medical school upon being graduated with the highest honors. He was all set for fighting disease and death among his fellowmen with knife and drug. What an honor to the family! At the return of his son, old John Cummings' brawny features fell into a smile that was to last for a long time. Never before in his life had he displayed more hilarity than he did at the beautiful dinner which

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his wife and his daughter, Mary, had prepared in honor of his son's graduation. Even when Tim ventured the information that his future would separate him from his old home and the farm, the unusually happy smile did not leave his father's face. That Tim could no longer care for a dull, rural atmosphere, but should think of building up a profession in his line in some large city was to be expected. His father would have been disappointed at anything less pretentious. The jovial dinner having ended, the remainder of the day was spent in visiting friends. Among these, Tim was lionized and honored in a measure that made his father chuckle with delight.

On the following day, Tim and his father decided to take a boat ride on a nearby lake, the same little lake which had held so much attraction for Tim in his boyhood days. Conversation between the two was so plentiful and interesting that they quite forgot the luncheon hour. Almost imperceptibly time slipped on towards sunset. For a moment, old John Cummings put on a serious look, for he had something of importance to disclose to his son, and thinking the time to be opportune, he proceeded:

"Tim, you are about to leave me, but I am not sorry because of it. I know that fortune calls you away. You have received much mental training, but don't forget the training you have received to be an upright and morally good man. See the gold of the sunset in yonder sky; may that gold come into your life and mean happiness for you. But listen to me just a moment longer. I have a proposition to make. Would it not be advisable for you to enter partnership for a couple of years with our family doctor, Mr. Belshaw, who has

considerable practice in our little town of Ticknore and throughout this farming neighborhood? Think of it, Tim."

"No, no, Dad," replied Tim, "in company with Doctor Belshaw, I would grow stale in practice. I am ready for real work and for a lot of it. Our little burg of Ticknore and all this neighborhood could not keep me nearly busy. Besides, Doctor Belshaw would be more interested in making a match between me and his daughter, Alice, than in getting me to use knife and drug for which things I have qualified. The gold of the sunset, Dad, as you expressed it, could never enter into my life if I did not betake myself, and that at once, to wider and more interesting fields of practice in medicine than this neighborhood with its mere little village could offer. Whatever else you have told me, I shall bear in mind, Dad, but I cannot accede to your proposition. I must be off."

"Well, if you must go, God bless you, Tim. But tell me this. Why are you so shy of Alice Belshaw? Was she not your boyhood sweetheart?" old John asked wistfully.

"I know, Dad, that you have always doted on Doctor Belshaw, and you now seem to dote on his daughter as well. But, nothing doing, Dad, I shall set my hat for better fry."

For several days more, old John Cummings sought to induce his son, Tim, to accede to the proposition of entering into a partnership with Doctor Belshaw, for he secretly hated to see Tim leave, even if he did put on a bold front when there was talk of parting. But all was to no avail. In due time, Tim left for New York.

On his destination for his prospective field of labor, Tim met with his first grilling experience. At a railroad crossing, the

train on which he was traveling struck a Greyhound Stage Coach. The accident took its toll in wounded and dying passengers. While assisting others in giving first aid to the helpless victims, Tim unexpectedly found himself forcibly dragged to a place by a man where a young lady lay on the ground with a deep gash in her scalp. As he tried to determine if she were alive or dead, he heard the man exclaim:

"My daughter, my daughter, dead, dead!"

"No," replied Tim, "she is merely unconscious."

"Then, for heaven's sake," the man continued, "do all you can to save her!"

Tim had the injured young lady hurried off to the nearest hospital. Quite oblivious of others who might need his attention, he accompanied her. At the hospital he put all his surgical skill into practice to dress and remedy the ugly scalp wound. Gradually the young lady regained consciousness, and, as she continued to improve in health, she began to amuse Tim with her chic and lively talk. On his part, Tim felt proud of his first success, but his pride gave way to a feeling of friendship which gradually developed into affection. He had already learned her name, and that name, Jeane Gilmore, was now almost continuously in his mind. But not only did he have the friendship of Jeane; Mr. Gilmore, her father, also befriended him, and being an influential New Yorker, gave Tim every assistance in building up a large medical practice.

As days went on, and Jeane recovered completely, she and Tim grew more and more fond of each other's company. They were together at amusements, on short trips, and particularly during long hours

of conversation. It was in the course of conversation that Tim became quite astonished at the sort of social views entertained by Jeane. Very shortly he discovered that she was a thoroughgoing Communist in personal convictions. He felt that he would have to do some little missionary work to make her understand Christian principles. His missionary work in this respect, as he quickly found out, was no easy matter, for Jeane Gilmore proved to be a stubborn pupil — one confirmed in her bizarre convictions. Very soon disputes arose between Jeane and Tim that verged on bitterness. To make matters worse, Tim found that Jeane was being seconded by her father in the verbal battles in which they engaged about Christianity and Communism. He felt hurt at the thought that Jeane was playing him false; that she was placing confidence in another, even if it were her father, more so than in him. Finally matters came to a rupture between them. In a very serious attempt to make Jeane understand the foolishness of her ideas, Tim was amazed at finding that he was playing with a wildcat of the woods, for Jeane became so abusive and offensive that he could endure her company no longer. In a huff, but heartbroken, he left her company.

For some months, Tim did not know what to do. He held to his medical practice, but his interest was flagging. He decided to relieve his mind by a trip through Canada. This journey occupied two weeks; a space of time hardly sufficient to wipe Jeane Gilmore and recent unpleasant experiences from his mind, but long enough to give him much needed rest. He did not suspect that his revived spirits would quickly be dampened by the worst kind of bad news upon his return to New York.

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In his great hurry to leave on his Canadian trip and ease his mind of the troubles that harassed it, Tim had forgotten to leave notice of his whereabouts with the result that he could not be addressed at any particular place on his tour. Notice had come during his absence that his good father, old John Cummings, had died, but for failure of address, the notice could not reach him. There it lay on his office desk, only to shock him worse than any of his other troubles had done. That he would be off at once for his old home in spite of obstacles connected with his profession required but a moment's decision. Leaving business to take care of itself, he rushed for a train homeward bound. As the train carried his body along in one direction, a train of thoughts rushed through his mind in another. In the scenery along this train of thoughts, he reviewed his own boyhood days at home with his father. He saw the brawny face, the serious mien, the toil-hardened hands. It made him smile a little when he recalled how neighbors were amused at the habit his father had of belaboring his schnozzle-like nose when in argument about things. He pondered deeply on the kindness his father had shown to all in the family and in particular to him. His former home came into the scenery likewise for its share of memories. There was the double-gabled portico with its one-eyed windows; there were the trees and the walks, and there were his kind mother and sister now oppressed with grief; in short there was the home to which he had brought such happiness by his success at the university that his father's serious mien had turned into enduring smiles. To that home he was now going.

Tim arrived at his home towards evening. As his way from the railway station

led him past the cemetery in the little burg of Ticknore, he paused to see if he might discover a newly-made grave. Yes, there it was, the grave of his father. At its foot, he cast himself upon his knees and with tears in his eyes, prayed long in a real Christian manner for his father. Presently he heard footsteps. Looking up he saw Alice Belshaw approaching him. She had come to the cemetery also to visit the grave of her father, Doctor Belshaw, who had died several months before. This unexpected meeting proved a mutually overwhelming surprise for Tim and Alice. At first each of the two could hardly stammer out a greeting. But recovering from the shock of the sudden meeting, they both began to converse in earnest. In the course of their talk, Alice eagerly observed that her father, Doctor Belshaw, had expressed it as a dying wish that Tim should return and carry on for him as physician in Ticknore.

"Was that the Doctor's dying wish, Alice?"

"Yes," she replied "he always hated your leaving Ticknore and I hated it too, but —"

Alice stammered. Tim saw plainly that she had said more than she wanted to say. There she stood silhouetted against the gold of the setting sun. Never before had she appeared so fair. While gazing at her, the words of his father came to his mind: "May the gold of the setting sun come into your life and mean happiness for you." Could Alice be that gold? He decided then and there that he would search for that gold nowhere else and that the little burg of Ticknore with its neighborhood should be the scene of his future labors. Arm in arm, Tim and Alice left the cemetery and walked slowly to the old John Cummings' home.

ANOTHER JONATHAN

• By William Higgins '35

IF a psychologist were to analyse human life impartially, he could not fail to reach the happy or unhappy conclusion that about one-half of it is given to slumber, peaceful or disturbed. Hence, it is said that for a man in need there is no friend more faithful than a cozy, restful bed; one that does not awaken its human charge to groaning, that will not engulf him in a ravine-like center, that will not scratch his vertebrae with its springs, that will not roll him over hills and dales while he is seeking the benefit of repose. A bed should be like a throne upon which the sleeper is crowned with a slumber-inviting pillow. When of this kind, a bed is more than a friend; it is a treasure.

Any man with experience in the lesson of rest will know how to cherish this treasure which carries within itself the greatest supply of delights known to this world. If his experience is not sufficiently full to make him thankful for owning a genuinely real bed, then let him try to find nightly comfort on a park bench, or on the rods of a swiftly moving freight train, or on a couch built for ornament, and he will soon learn what a sense of relief is afforded by a bed truly worth the name. Could he only encounter Jonah, who had the rough experience of resting in the belly of a whale, he would undoubtedly find many new reasons for appreciating the friendliness of a bed. Once it has dawned on a man that a bed is the best tonic for frazzled nerves, for a jaded mind,

for an aching heart, he will know how to clasp the downy pillow, the boon companion of every friendly bed, and will smilingly invite the sandman to close his eyes. If he must count sheep, well, they will rove along in soft woolly lines that will terminate in the deepest doze.

What a bed will do for a man regularly exceeds the utmost kindness of a living friend. Things that are alive demand reciprocal service; a bed with its pillow only gives, it does not take. It gives the fullest sympathy in misfortune; it gives only happy smiles for troubles; it gives sweet oblivion for disturbing memories; it gives all those rare things which money cannot buy, and all this for nothing more than the friendly companionship of resting on its bosom. It is a most trustworthy friend and a close-mouthed confidant in reference to all things that might be uttered in vexation before one is lulled to sleep, or that might form themselves into words in the course of dreams. In all these occurrences, a bed is only a silent listener with but one purpose in view, and that is to compel its occupant to acquiesce in its wish to bestow repose. If in the course of the night, old Morpheus should become tricky enough to play all sorts of pranks with a sleeper's mind, such as leading him into brawls, into scuffles with assailants, into horrible dangers, the bed with its pillow will prove to be the best of friends and will conduct its charge safely to the waking hour, and that without a murmur.

ANOTHER JONATHAN

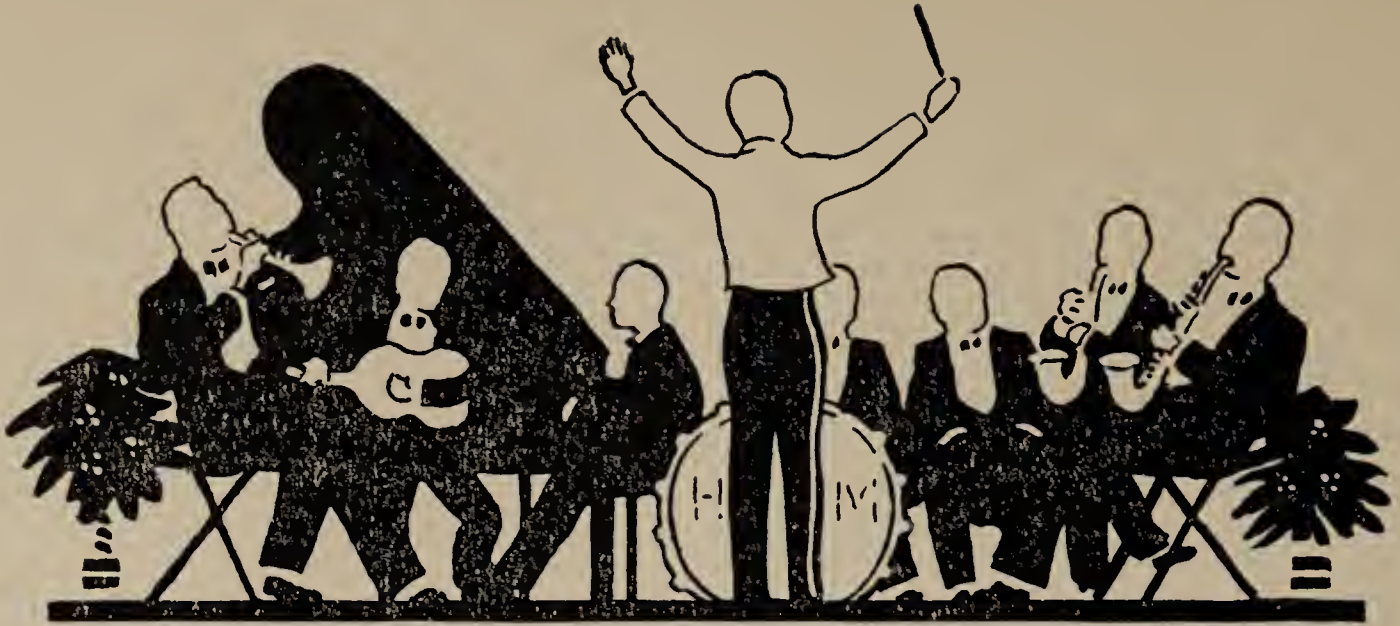
Pleasant duties are always a source of joy and contentment to a friend, but for a bed, the greatest of friends, there are often severely unpleasant duties. Such is the case when its occupant is overtaken by sickness. In such cases it is all service for the ailing one from head to foot. It copes with the force of disease; it submits to being pounded and trampled; it accepts every form of abuse in word and deed; it acts as seat, couch, and footstool in an untiring attempt to bring relief in distress and to offer solace and comfort. No sacrifice is too great, no hours and days too long for the good will of that patient friend, a real bed. Oh, for longer nights and shorter days, in order that the good results of a friendly bed may be more appreciated!

If the good results that arise from cultivating the desirable friendship of a bed were to be enumerated, the task would involve a vast deal of cataloguing, but a number of them are so commonplace that they easily come to mind, yet because they are commonplace, they are just as easily forgotten. Far be it from anyone, unless indeed his heart be stone, to spurn the favors of a friendly bed through forgetfulness. Who would not remember with gratitude the enjoyment of a bright sunny morning that was made possible by a refreshing rest due to a friendly bed? Who would be so basely ungrateful as to forget the happiness caused by invigorating

streams of health coursing through his body because of a sound and restful sleep on the bosom of his kindly bed? 'Who would be so foolishly blunt as to attribute the success of his daily labor to the flattery and coddling of his fellowmen rather than to the soothing embrace of his best and truest friend, the ever faithful, kindly, and generous bed?

It is the bed with its crowning glory, the pillow, that sends the child happily to play, the laborer industriously to his tasks, the student refreshed to his books. Oh, yes, it is this last named kind of human being that owes loads of thanks to the helping friendliness of his boon companion, the bed. Does it not often happen that during the hours of rest spent in the company of this companion that mighty problems work their way to a solution in his brain; that rules for games assume a settled order in his memory, and that gigantic projects are devised for his future welfare? Was not his bed the source of all these blessings for him? A variety of friends, of course, every man should have, and he should value and esteem their friendship, but as David found Jonathan the truest among his friends, so may everyone remember that in the circle of his friends there will be none truer, more loyal, more self-sacrificing than his bed — another Jonathan.





FIRST TIME -- HARDEST

• By Willie Michaels '35

COLORED leaves fluttered in a gentle breeze about the fraternity house of the Eta Kappa Mu. Members of the great "frat" had gathered for the opening ball of the school year and were just now standing in doorways or leaning out of windows to get a whiff of soothing autumn air. Presently a sennet rang through the halls and rooms. Everybody scurried to his place. Followed by its leader came a five-piece orchestra and lined up in position for playing amid wild shouts and cheers. At once the players struck up the song, "Moon Glow," but were quickly waved down. The announcer had not as yet put in his "blah," something that is always important.

A stout fellow was this announcer — one always stout at everything except at being on time. But time under all circumstances was always his; he made it so. Though only eighteen years old, he could wave down any noise, even the noises of the jungle. He was popularly known as "Red" Davies. In a clarion voice, he now sent out his "blah":

"Gentlemen and whatever Ladies there be here: — This is the first of a series of balls to be given by our great 'frat' this year. During the past summer a jolly member of our excellent organization has pieced together an orchestra to play at these balls. It is my exceeding pleasure to present to you Mr. Willie Michaels and what will become known in our august circle as his Frat Orchestra. You have heard — you have heard —"

The announcer could get no further; for once, applause drowned his "blah". What could be ailing him? As leader of the orchestra, I, whom he had introduced — my personality — it was that choked him, as I found out later. There was nothing else to do but to swing into the strains of "Moon Glow" again. When the music died down, applause made itself heard in plenty, but there was also noticeable hissing. How this first appearance of mine would end began to worry me. If there was some trick astir to frustrate my efforts, I felt that not nearly all present were wise to the trick; the applause received gave me assurance of that, yet, when the an-

nouncer came forward again to make himself heard, I trembled like a leaf in the wind. He gave no further indications, however, of any rancor outside of a slight roguishness in tone of voice and gesture. What he called for was "New Moon Over My Shoulder". With every sort of suspicion torturing my mind as to what was in store for me, I could hardly swing the baton, let alone help out with the saxophone as I was expected to do at intervals. But as the number buzzed along, and I saw that all was well, my old pep returned to me. From the way the audience received the piece, I now felt that if the exhibition was to be a choking match between me and the announcer and his seconds, the odds were very much in my favor. But there are tricks in trades, and the announcer had his trick.

"Straight From The Shoulder" was next called for with such cynical sneering as showed plainly that the announcer was trying to play his trump. In comical, drawling tones, he repeated three times that I, Willie Michaels, would sing his production. How was I to respond to this call? A burning sensation seized me. I knew that my face had grown red, more red than the announcer, "Red" Davies' hair. I knew too that he was enjoying my discomfort. Pulling myself together for the fray, I began to sing. Excitement, however, got the better of me. I faltered; I croaked, I ended miserably. Now was the time for 'boos' and 'baas'; they came in a shower. If I had any friends left in the crowd, I surely was giving them no chance to stand by me. I wished that I were home and in bed.

But mere wishes in distress have never brought relief to anybody. With this thought in mind, I plucked up courage; I would no longer wait for announcements.

I raised my baton and swung it through such favorites as "Love In Bloom," "I Never Had A Chance," "Pardon My Southern Accent," and "The Moon Was Yellow". As these productions went over big, my friends in the audience again flared into action. Over and over they called for encores. The music had put so much itch into their feet that it seemed they would never tire of dancing. The last number, though it was already one o'clock past midnight, evidently came along all too soon. I was importuned on all sides to play on. Just to make myself agreeable. I had the piece, "For All We Know, We May Never Meet Again," played over. Hardly had the closing notes died away, when several loud voices chorused, "What a break, good riddance!" Among these shouters, of course, was "Red" Davies, the announcer. Many laughed at this outburst of raillery, but I literally blew up. Yet I could do nothing. For the moment I felt that I was down and out — just completely choked.

That my first appearance would likewise be my last now settled down on me with the force of conviction. The members of my picked orchestra hardly felt different about the situation. Together with them, I retired to the smoker of the Frat House. One and all were despondent and hardly ventured to speak a word. Lazily they puffed their cigarettes, and, one by one, gradually filed away to their rooms. I followed in order without even bidding anyone a good-night.

Sleep, of course, was out of the question for me. My couch was merely a sprouting place for unpleasant reflections. All the remainder of the night I spent in alternately reclining on my pillow and in walking about my room. Long after daybreak, I

began to doze. I must have slept for an hour when a knock at my door awakened me. Nine of my friends who had attended the "frat" dance burst into my room.

"How are you, how are you, Willie!" they greeted as they closed in on me. "A tough break you had, old boy, but don't let that put you in the dumps. Why, boy, for your first showing, that music you and your orchestra delivered last night was perfectly grand. What if you did flunk a bit in singing! It was just a mean trick on the part of the announcer, "Red" Davies, to ask you to sing. Nobody expected you to sing; music is what everybody wanted for dancing, and that music, old fellow, was a perfect scream. We are here to congratulate you on your first appearance, and we congratulate everyone in your orchestra. Keep it up, Willie; be a jolly good fellow. We have something to tell you about "Red" Davies that will tickle you."

"You have something to say about "Red" Davies?" I queried. "Nothing good can be told about him, I fear."

"You seem to be on his tracks," one of the number interposed.

"Yes," I replied, "I can put two and two together. His behavior on last night gave no indication of love for me. But there is nothing to be done about it."

"Nothing to be done about it? Nothing need be done about it, it is all done already," another fairly shouted. "Listen, Willie," this friend of mine continued, "'Red' Davies is behind the bars, what

do you think of that?"

"I can hardly think anything about it; I don't believe it," I answered.

"You don't believe it? Well, here is the story," my friend continued. "When the dance had ended last night, 'Red' took Helen McCoy to an ice cream parlor. There he met a half dozen of his friends, one and all his seconds in trying to bring your exhibition in music to failure. He became loud in slurring you. Evidently he did not know that Helen McCoy was your friend. She took your part and that boldly. What she said in your defense got 'Red' hot to the gills. After hurling a few insulting remarks at Helen, he threw a dish of ice cream in her face. Several of his friends now rushed to defend Helen, and a real fracas ensued. The proprietor of the ice cream parlor had 'Red' arrested for disorderly conduct and for assault and battery. One of the fellows who witnessed the entire affair told me the story, and he assured me that 'Red' lost his friends because of his conduct towards Helen. Now what have you to say to that?"

"All that I have to say is that I am thrilled with your story," I replied, "and I thank you, gentlemen, for giving me your support. One's first appearance may be the hardest, and it is such above doubt when a fellow is singled out to be choked on the occasion, but now that the tables have turned, and my opponent got choked, I shall have courage to swing the baton whenever you desire to hear my orchestra at fraternity balls."





Fall

by

H. A. Maziarz '35

Through lazy mists that screen the light
Which flows from opal skies
A wampum sheen glides into view
And sears the green which summer wrought
On brake and bush and lichen beds
And on the foxglove's spire.

The leaves that fringed the gladdened trees
In lispings showers fall
For roving feet to crush them down
Into the dank autumnal loam
Where frost and cold will do their best
To hide them in this dull retreat.

The flowers orphaned of their bloom
By rough and bitter winds
Give signs by tears; their tongues are gone,
The while they whimper saddened songs
Conceived of grief for that fair form
Which they have lost in cruel sort.

The fruit tree's pledges fall to earth
And blush with gentle smile
While lying on their grassy berth,
Awaiting youthful eager eyes
Which shall direct a hasty hand
To snatch them up for gormand lips.

Thus things both great and mean in worth
Are held in bond by time;
And we who stay may read how soon
Our toils shall end, though for a while
We stand in beauty and in pride,
For these shall vanish in decay.

SAID POLONIUS

• By Richard Baird '35

TO any reader or listener, gems of thought are always enticing and stimulating. They are the leaven of speech, the brilliancy of composition, the jolt in the race of ideas. If they find a place in advice, the one to whom it is directed receives the advice with humble submission, for he is mentally stunned by the keenness of the notions that stab his mind with a force which no opposing thought can parry. Thus it is that in Shakespeare's "Hamlet," the counsels of Polonius continuously control the purposes, the resolves, and the intentions of the other characters in the play with whom he chances to converse. At least in every instance, he gives others a hard round at thinking when he booms out his axiomatic phrases. His words are always capital, and the ones to whom they are directed fear to disregard them. This is particularly true of Laertes, his son, who naturally could not find reasonable objection to the admonitions given him in such words as:

*"Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor an unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar."*

More hard-headed advice would be difficult to find for the purpose of governing speech and conduct than is given in the words of the lines cited. What of it, if as critics say Polonius spoke from memory: that his deep thoughts are vicarious, that there is no heart in them but only an echo? They are, nevertheless, the thoughts by which Shakespeare builds up the char-

acter of Polonius, and if they do not appear to be the product of age now verging on dotage, they must at least be the inheritance in the form of memory coming from a mind that once was strong. To admit that Shakespeare made a mere parrot out of the old Lord Chamberlain, as the critic, Warbarton, would have it, is unthinkable. Allowing that his dotage makes him unduly solicitous for the welfare of his son, Laertes, and his daughter, Ophelia, with a resultant over-eagerness in delivering precepts to them for the regulation of their lives, yet it is not to be maintained that these precepts have not been deeply pondered, or that they are not his own, as Warbarton insists, and that Polonius found them merely in his readings and was fool enough to get them by heart and retail them for his own.

That the thought content comprised in the advices and precepts as given by Polonius is not thoroughly original does not rob it of sincerity, for a borrowed thought, when redigested in one's mind and fused into one's personal speech, has at least that measure of originality to which no sensible person will object. Everybody's thoughts are intermingled with the ideas that have been brought to light by ages long past. It would be exceptionally difficult, and it was so already in Shakespeare's day, to construct epigrams, maxims, and proverbs that have no antecedents anywhere in the literature of the world. The fact that a thought is similar to what has been said already in hoary times does not

SAID POLONIUS

prevent it from receiving better and more direct expression, as the well known line has it:

"What oft was said, but ne'er so well expressed."

From whatever angle the words of Polonius may be considered, there is never any room for doubt that he was an able judge of human affairs, that his mind, even if old, still reflects brilliancy and unusual strength, that he is confident in his knowledge and anxious to display his eloquence. He is, of course, pedantic; but men of his age, if they have a shred of wit left, will naturally be pedantic. Pedantry may be annoying; in younger people it is even disgusting, but it may rightly be reckoned among the few bits of amusement in which old age may lawfully indulge. It certainly is nothing objectionable in the character of Polonius. That his sharp observations are so numerous that they seemingly fight with one another in trying to get out of his mouth does not make them less palatable to the minds of readers or listeners. If adroit speech is pedantry, then it will be good to find more of this ugly habit in conversation and in writing. That Shakespeare meant to cast Polonius as a genuine old man having a few foibles to keep him from being too superbly above board in every respect is clearly evident from the position assigned to him in the play.

Utilitarian and materialistic, critics say, and to them belongs William Tucker with his "College Shakespeare," are the degrading qualities of Polonius' philosophy. To the young, this old courtier is pointed out as saying, "Dress well, don't borrow or lend money, keep out of fights, and above all, look after yourself and make a name in the world." Religion and spirituality

are said to be conspicuous by their absence. Good advice and sterling precepts, when avowedly dissociated from religious influences will, of course, look purely worldly in character. But there is no such avowal made by Polonius, neither are any of his advices and precepts out of harmony with good Christian ethics. His position is not that of an instructor in religion. It would be out of harmony with his character if he were to assume that role. But his counsels are of such kind as will bear religious sanction, and without religious influences operating in his own mind, he could hardly have come by the lofty concepts they comprise. That his words breathe the spirit of his times is evident enough, but if they were merely utilitarian or materialistic in sense, they would have been used for counsels of a different type than those given.

That the end of Polonius' life stands as a condemnation of his character has often been intimated. True, the practice of eavesdropping to which he resorted has the flavor of roguishness and cowardliness about it. But was this practice branded as vile in Shakespeare's time? If dramas are truly a reflection of the life of the times in which they are written, then it could hardly be so, for the plays of the sixteenth century, and far on into later centuries, use this sort of detective scheme without invoking dire punishment upon its practice. It is only in very modern times that this ruse has been branded as unethical, unsocial, and dastardly. Surely it was not for mere eavesdropping that Hamlet stabbed Polonius, but rather because, by way of surprise, Polonius appeared as one ready to assist the Queen Mother, whom Hamlet cordially hated and really hoped to kill.

SAID POLONIUS

Other considerations of a more profound nature might be adduced to illustrate the character of Polonius in a more detailed manner, but the bare glance at him as given in these lines will allow one to say that Shakespeare sought to represent in him the living image of a wise, congenial, and trustworthy philosopher.

Ballad of the "Swallow"

by

J. Hedden, '37

Across the sea the "Swallow" flew,
The surging waters danced
In foam about the plowing stern
On which the sun light glanced.

The merry crowd, both old and young,
Broke out in shout and song,
While sea gulls flew around the mast
And strove to sing along.

The children standing near the helm:
"Oh kindly pilot, say,"
They asked, "will yet this pleasure last,
An hour or a day?"

The "Swallow" flew with wings of time;
Quite soon the shore appeared,
Then suddenly a cry was heard —
A strange mishap they feared.

"Fire! Fire!" boomed the shout,
As hundred voices cried,
"On to the bay; yon saving shore;
Is twenty minutes' ride."

First smoke like fog hung o'er the stern;
But soon a hissing flame
Shot up as if to seize the gulls
That fled from where they came.

The captain's voice rang loud and clear;
The crew men all obeyed,
But just by one among the rest
The "Swallow's" fate was staid.

None but her daring pilot brave
Her fate held in his hand,
Who firmly stood close to his post
And turned her prow toward land.

The fire raged; the heat increased;
The smoke in burning cloud
Rolled o'er the pilot at the wheel
Where he stood praying loud.

"Oh pilot brave, are you still there?"
The crowd asked in dismay:
The answer came, "I hold the wheel;
I'll steer her to the bay."

The dreadful minutes seemed like years;
The seconds seemed like days,
While sounds of splashing water mixed
With those of hissing blaze.

At length the "Swallow" reached the bay;
The pilot's work was done,
And every one on board was saved —
All saved were they, but one.

OPPORTUNITY AND BUNK

• By William Frantz '36

AS a young man I am looking for an opportunity to get my share of sunlight in the affairs of the world. By this statement, I mean that I want a place in the sun, or as the saying goes, an opportunity to make a living. To want something that comes along but once in life demands alertness. Opportunity is such a thing that calls but once — “it knocks at life’s door but once,” so great thinkers say. John J. Ingall’s poem, “Opportunity,” puts the idea squarely into words:

*“Master of human destinies am I,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death. But those who doubt or hesitate
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and ceaselessly implore;
I answer not, and I return no more.”*

If opportunity is something so illusive that at a single knock or call its proffered chances vanish for aye unless these chances are gasped by both hands and stood on by both feet, then why should people be allowed to misrepresent its meaning, particularly so, to us who are young. Should we not be led to think that opportunity is all “bunk” when we hear how lightly it is treated over the radio? Industries, when desiring to make a big splash in advertising will have their announcers shout, “Here’s your opportunity,” or “The opportunity of a lifetime.” Again, “Do you want to become a millionaire? Here’s your op-

portunity!” What do they mean by such splashing? Do they plan to make millionaires of the Bim Gump variety? Evidently, the opportunities they are talking about with all this “gusto” are intended for their own profits and not for the advantage of the poor “sucker” who falls for them. It is this variety of opportunity advertising which is “bunk” from start to finish.

But there are real opportunities within the reach of everybody at certain stages of life. For those who are in younger years, they are even as plentiful as leaves on trees. In my own life, which is not as yet a very long one, I have found this to be a fact. Like many others of my years, I have been choicy in grasping at them, partly because they did not suit my taste, and partly because I felt that I did not have time to bother about them. Surely, I did not waste time in troubling myself about opportunities that I clearly recognized to be plain “bunk”. I could, however, have made better use of several others if I had not believed that time was lacking.

There is this to be said about time and opportunity, something which I discovered to my own regret, namely, that they go hand in hand. If opportunity knocks at the door of one’s life but once; time stops at that door but once. To be up to the minute in all things, or even to be beforehand with things is a difficult matter. Perhaps life itself is difficult. Time surely adds difficulties to life by being so fleeting in nature. As to the evanescent char-

acter of time, the poet Southwell describes it very aptly in his lines:

*"Time wears all his locks before;
Take thy hold, or else beware,
When he flies, he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is bare."*

With these two elements in life, time and opportunity, both of them very imperative in their demands, there is no room for shilly-shallying if indeed, a person strives for success. He who will not heed the "stop" of the one or the "knock" of the other may as well admit to himself that he is headed for the rubbish heap, socially and morally. But if such stern conditions are imposed upon life by the factors of time and opportunity, then above all, nothing like sheer "bunk" should be spread about them.

To seize opportunities, and that in good

time, is the substance of much age-old advice. That it is advisable to do so is illustrated by countless examples in human history. For instances, no one need go back very far. Edison, Marconi, Lindbergh, Byrd, are splendid examples in the matter. But these are men of outstanding achievements. It will not do for every young person to look at the great and thus neglect the small. Success in one's own small way may very well be reckoned among the things worth-while in life. The one fact to be remembered in the affairs of life is that a "cat in gloves catches no mice," as honorable old Benjamin Franklin said in his day. Then with gloves thrown aside; with hands ready to tackle what time and opportunity bring; with days kept free from the misdirection of "bunk", one may entertain bright hopes for success. May such hopes and their realization be always mine!

Aurora's Hour

by

R. H. Bierberg '35

'T is dawn; night's flickering lamps are fading out,
And sheets of pale-blue misty light ascend
Above the eastern wall that hems the sky.
Soft, shimmering threads of gold are lacing tight
The silvery rifts in clouds. Now from the East
A dazzling blaze flares up and in its arms
All swathed in flame it siezes cloud on cloud
And melts them down to clear the sunbeam's way.

Behold! there comes Aurora's burning arc
And higher, higher yet it climbs until —
A gleaming disk — it vanquishes the dark.
Now fiery rays race o'er the planes and reach
For tranquil waters, there to pave with gold
A path from East to West o'er realms untold.

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THE EDITORS



- *College Realism and Life's Reality*
- *Uncle Sam Aids Education*

Alone against the immensity of the world, few men can stand. Men in general were not so created.

College Realism and Life's Reality Betrayed by the frailties of human nature, dependent upon a Creator and upon society, they owe to that Creator and to that society a willingness to be helped and to help one another. Yet, weighted down by the traitorous cloak of "self", men continually stumble and fall, thus blocking the road to progress.

Although situated within the limited area of a campus, a college is a sort of world in itself; a universe whose well-being fluctuates on the tide of its own activities. In other words, college life is what we, who are in attendance, make it. just as our college is what we make it. We cannot be satisfied merely to view the school years as an audience would view a theatrical performance, or as spectators look at sporting events; nor can we be satisfied to play the part of bystanders on the sidewalks watching the parade. Lights in the theatre are darkened; shadows encroach on the field, and the stadium is empty; one faint note from a bugle, and the last roll of the drum is but an echo. College life is like that — one short, illusive series of days and months. In reality these days and months that roll up into

years ask nothing from us while they are here, yet they silently demand that we should perform, play, march, or they will slip away from us and leave us nothing but regretful memories.

To try to do something is already an accomplishment. Anyone can and should, at least, make an effort. If nothing more than an effort were made, that in itself would decrease the ranks of those self-centered individuals who sit back and watch — those men of habitual leisure whose obtuse second guesses are always in evidence. Weights upon healthy society, such as they are, not only do they refuse to assist in carrying on, but they check the timid who fear the captious criticism coming from the distorted intellects of these social nuisances.

College years should be periods of hearty co-operation. By helping others, we help ourselves. Everyone of us shall do well to remain as far away as possible from those fault-finding cliques who always tear down, but never offer to reconstruct. Sometimes the secret of happiness seems to consist in keeping itself secret. Yet the open effort to combat selfishness and the honest attempt to co-operate in local activities will tend to uplift the quality of a school, and the general happiness that results from this kind of conduct is more

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worthy of applause than any mere enigmatic secret.

G.D.L.



If education has always been a fundamental necessity for everybody, it is such

above all in the world

Uncle Sam of today. The age in

Aids Education which we, who occupy

this earth at present,

live is one of speed and accuracy. It is a swift moving age. The individual who is physically or mentally slow is not wanted; one that is able to reach a precise decision after a few minutes of thought is ever in demand. The prize of success is won by the man who is swift in thinking, quick in giving the correct answer to questions, and accurate in all his enterprises. To be a man of this description requires an education, and that, too, a very thorough one. Any successful man will not hesitate to admit that hard study and strict discipline were the basis of his success.

Uncle Sam, who is always in need of men that promise to be successful, is plainly aware that diligent study, severe training, and stern discipline are required to furnish the men he wants. With a knowl-

edge of this necessity in mind, he has generously opened his purse to those who will avail themselves of his aid in acquiring an education. In consequence the greatest go-to-college recruiting campaign, that has ever been heard of, is well under way. The grant of the F E R A to finance the necessary part-time work in the various colleges and universities of the country has put fully a thousand young men and women in a position to return to school this fall. Above doubt outstanding geniuses will come from that large group which the government has so kindly assisted to avoid the detour that could only lead to ignorance, ruin, and possible depravity. The game is undoubtedly worth the risk; the worth-while services which the beneficiaries of this educational scheme will be enabled to render to their government and to their fellowmen will amply repay the country for the expenses incurred.

Whatever other gifts the country has made during the past couple of years for public benefit cannot compare in worth with this, the most precious of all its gifts, the providing of educational facilities for those who want them and will make good use of them for their own personal advantage and for the common good.

J.G.T.





EXCHANGES



During the twenty-two years that *The Collegian* has been published it has doubtless received many practical suggestions from the exchange columns of those college journals which have so graciously welcomed its appearance and in turn found their way to its own editorial office. Its present staff of editors is more than mildly appreciative of these suggestions, and intends during the present scholastic year to put as many of them as possible into practice.

Mindful of past assistance, the exchange

editor once again welcomes to his desk all those periodicals and papers that were wont to come there heretofore, and invites the staffs of still other journals to exchange with us. He feels that while much has already been done through the exchange columns, much more can still be done toward raising the standard of college journalism. Moreover, he looks forward enthusiastically to his association for the next several months with talented student minds throughout the country.

A.J.H., '35

The Tarnished Sunbeam

by

N. J. Heckman '35

I love to watch the sun race through the sky
And fill the earth with light and joy,
But clouds will come, the harbingers of tears,
To tell me life is filled with fears.
I gaze enraptured at the budding rose
And press it coyly to my nose
But lo! it quickly fades and shortly blows
And leaves my heart to mortal throes.

Thus light and joy in tantalizing game
Throw veils about their jaunty forms;
Now show themselves; now hide from eager glance,
And follow laws of fickle chance.
No wonder then the rose's petals fade,
And sunbeams tarnish in the shade.



Recollection of Seventy Years

BY WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL

Before the only desk of his library study sits William Cardinal O'Connell. He is now an old man, an old man who is still looking towards old age. His mind is vigorous and enthusiastic, for it has been well trained and accurately tempered; acting energetically because it is working under discipline. This evening the Cardinal, a man of solid convictions, holds in his strong hands a book smelling of the presses, a book bound in red cloth, and bearing the arms of an archbishop. In this book he knows that the record of his own life is published; and that jewels from his notes, his rich memories, his cultured letters, and his fruitful meditations are set into this narration — his autobiography — flowing from a firm and steady pen, picturing a personality, and breathing the warmth of the Catholic faith and spirit.

With sincerity and simplicity Cardinal O'Connell has written this tale of his life, an account of successes won by an unfaltering and unbroken attachment to duty. Because, in the judgment of his superiors, he executed each position adequately, he advanced rapidly to many difficult offices. The determination to act after the will of God and to do nothing beyond the distinct scope of immediate duty provoked his almost unusual success. And this too, although circumstances were not always

propitious. But the man knew himself and understood his obligations.

The Cardinal's seventy years of life were full. He participated in significant movements. He witnessed historical events. He lived during world-wide changes. Popes, Cardinals, Presidents, statesmen, students, and the people of his dioceses: these he held in friendship. Contact with contemporaries occurred frequently, and was always stimulating. Situations which arose in demonstration, often unexpectedly, he settled decisively and prudently from a vast knowledge of experience and by the guidance of sound principles. In a zealous heart Cardinal O'Connell carried that which as a young curate he saw in the heart of his pastor, "the charity of Christ."

E.Mc., '35

Fish on Friday

BY LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.

Fish on Friday is the rather congruous title for a collection of fourteen variegated, delightful essays written by the Jesuit poet, Leonard Feeney. That the Catholic religion is a rich source of literary inspiration is decidedly shown in these writings, which may be termed as genial fireside reminiscences.

Practically all of these informal essays are character sketches, so vividly portrayed and so interestingly told that they conjure themselves into living actuality. Father

Feeney's wealth of experience lends color and realness to his tales so that they are blended into one harmonious whole.

Father Feeney's essays are, for the most part, interesting bits of Catholic life, which can be appreciated to the fullest extent only by Catholics themselves; for to prove his point that the Catholic world is a rich source of literature, they must necessarily be of this nature. Each essay is a dart which brings home his explanation of Catholic doctrines or Catholic customs. Undoubtedly one of the best, if not the best, of these essays is "Skheenarinka," Father Feeney's representation of an Irish schoolmaster. The kindness and hospitality of this old Irish school teacher endears him to the hearts of all, while the vivacity and staunchly expressed Catholicity of his young Irish pupils force the reader to smile and to exult with them.

Father Feeney is a poet; he writes with a style that is easily read, but with a depth that is interpreted with difficulty. That he writes with a definite purpose is certain, apologetics seemingly being the underlying principle.

"*Fish on Friday*" is poetry in prose, a difficult combination, but an accomplished fact. There is little repetition of thoughts or words, but the logical progression of ideas which flow in rhythmic beats from the pen of a poet. The originality with which Father Feeney writes results not merely in bound pages, but in real literature. The witticisms are sharp and biting; a few may even draw blood. And yet Father Feeney is a charming entertainer who mixes kindness and wisdom, wit and pathos in surprisingly little packages.

The secret of Father Feeney's success is the masterful way in which he deals with

the little things, the commonplace things of life. In making his debut in prose, this Catholic author leaves his reader reminiscent and thoughtful; imbued with a feeling of kindness and understanding, and filled with the desire to get the most out of life.

A.G., '36

Secret of The Little Flower

BY HENRY GHEON

Most biographical books dealing with the saints are mere repetitions of others. The *Secret of the Little Flower* differs from the usual run of "saintly" biographies in that it is different; it is something so unusual that it will provide the admirers of the Little Flower as well as those to whom such books are usually distasteful with an enlightening glimpse of the Maid of Lisieux from an angle which had not been taken heretofore by her biographers.

The reader is gradually led into the theme of the book by an accurately pictured life of little Teresa and her family. M. Gheon tells of the romance of her parents, the joy and sadness experienced by the family as her sisters left one by one for the convent, the schooling of the Little Flower, and finally her admission as a novice into the Carmelite Order, a desire obtained after years of prayer. The final profession of Teresa and her life in the convent, the work allotted to her, the humility with which she performed these tasks and the docility with which she submitted to the hardships, are all graphically depicted.

St. Teresa was not favored, as was the other Teresa, with ecstasies and visions of the joys of heaven. Rather, it seemed as though she were bereft of God, for she never had the consolation, as had the

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other, of seeing her path clear before her. Still, by her cheerfulness and willingness to help others, she gradually allied herself to the friendship of the community. In accordance with her sisters' request that she write of her experiences, her thoughts and even some of her inmost secrets, (for they already regarded her as a saint), she lovingly set down on paper, as her life was drawing to a close, a record of her life, the immortal and inspiring "Story of a Soul."

It is M. Gheon's wish to explain the secret of the Little Flower, to demonstrate why she is what she is. His reasons are mere hints, for he does not arrive at any definite answer. The author claims, however, that her silence, her obscurity, her

very inexistence are responsible for her popularity.

The *Secret of the Little Flower* is different in that the author does not go into gushing praises of his beloved saint. His first chapters are not at all in sympathy with the devotion paid to the Little Flower. His dislike for the shrine at Lisieux is very strongly expressed; in fact, at this time he does not care much for Teresa. But in his later chapters something has happened to M. Gheon; his tone changes; he is converted to the Little Flower. What has happened to him is his secret, or perhaps the secret of Teresa. His attitude toward the Little Flower and his treatment of her in his book are commendatory. He is anything but boresome. A.G., '36

LIBRARY NOTES

From eight-thirty in the morning until six o'clock our library is a busy workshop where diligent students gather to consult the ample reference works in the various courses they are taking; or where, if their time permits, they seek and find relaxation between the covers of a book or magazine of lighter vein. Students in the college department are not restricted in the amount of time they may put in the library; pupils in the high school, however, are limited to a definite number of hours each week, the number depending upon the quality of their class work, and only by special permission may they exceed this limit. The present system, employed for the past two years, is working advantageously: not only is the standard of work done in the classroom on the upward trend, but the library is being frequented more during recreation periods.

Through the generosity of three good friends quite an aggregation of books came to the library during the past month. We are very grateful to Father Frederick Koenig of Sts. Peter and Paul parish, Lottaville, Indiana, for sending us another set of *Messages and Papers of Presidents* in twenty volumes. We appreciate exceedingly the gift of Father James Durham of St. Vincent De Paul parish, Logansport, Indiana, of a sixty-one volume set of *World's Greatest Literature* which we did not yet have; a twenty volume set of *The Great Events by Famous Historians*, supplementing the set already on our reference shelf; a great number of unbound volumes of *America* and the *Ecclesiastical Review*; and a collection of miscellaneous books — mostly historical, theological, and devotional. Reverend Walter J. Cronin of St. Mary's parish, Richmond,

Indiana, thoughtfully presented us with a twenty volume set of the *Outline of Knowledge* which we treasure.

Although sometimes books donated to the library may duplicate some volumes already on the shelves, these gifts are none the less welcome and appreciated. There is always use for additional copies; extra sets of reference works, particularly, are practical, for the additional sets are placed in the assembly halls for handy consulting.

Besides the books reviewed in this issue of *The Collegian*, the following were purchased recently:

The Life of John Marshall, four Vol.,

Beveridge; *Plays*, two vol., Crothers; *Eight Dramas of Calderon*, Fitzgerald; *Plays*, four vol., Benavente; *Masterpieces of Modern Spanish Drama*, Clark; *Plays*, two vol., Sierra; *Strong Man Rules*, Shuster; *The Woman and the Sea*, Espina; *Problem of Liquor Control*, Johnsen; *Mogu*, *The Wanderer*, Colum; *The End of the House of Alard*, Kaye-Smith; *The Real Motive*, Canfield; *Testing of Diana Mallory*, Ward; *Eltham House*, Ward; *Lady Connie*, Ward; *Fenwick's Career*, Ward; *A Chance Acquaintance*, Howells; *The Emperor Jones*, O'Neill; *The Purchase Price*, Hough; *The Voyage of the "Pax"*, Camm; *Roman Spring*, Chanler; *An Introduction to the Vertebrates*, Adams.

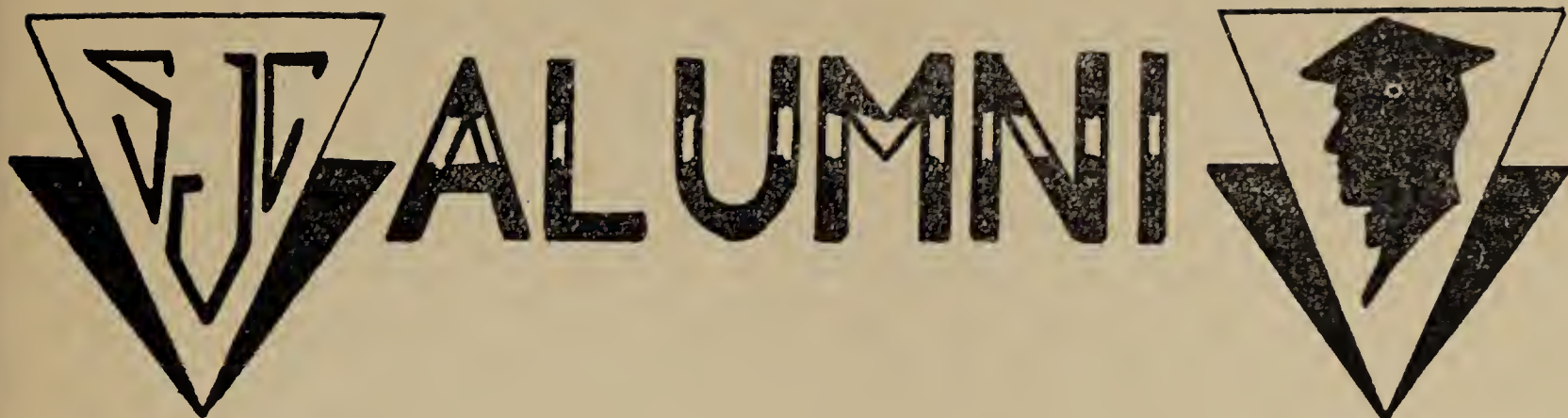
Queen of the Rosary

by

R. H. Baird '35

Should I desire to crown with pleasant songs
Her, whose soul was bathed in waves of tears?
Should I in merriment waste priceless hours
When I recall those deep and painful fears
That pierced her heart? My beads recount them one
By one in words that burn with smarting pain,
And bid me fall on suppliant knees before
The Rosary's Queen and beg her kindly aid.

But as I tell my beads all o'er and o'er,
I find there's joy as well as sorrow's dole
Within their circling chaplet's mysteries.
'Tis then that Faith does make me truly bold
To call on her in sadness and in joy
As Mother dear, the chosen Queen of God.



On September 19th Constantine J. Fecher, Ph.D., an Alumnus of St. Joseph's, assumed his duties as *Prominent Alumnus* professor of Business Economics and Mathematics to the sophomore classes of the University of Dayton. Dr. Fecher attended St. Joseph's from 1911 to 1914. He received his baccalaureate at Miami University in 1924, and his doctorate of Philosophy at the Catholic University in 1927.

It is our sincere wish that the same success which thus far has characterized Dr. Fecher's career will be his reward in his new position.

We recently received tidings that Frederick Cardinali of the class of '32 and Lawrence Ernst, editor of *Romeward Bound* of *The Collegian* during that same year, were selected to pursue their theological studies at the American College in Rome. You deserve your privilege, Fred and Larry. You will distinguish yourselves where Providence has guided you. Our felicitations accompany you across the seas.

Chester Kruczek, graduate of '31, is back at St. Joseph's where he holds the

position of secretary to the Very Reverend President, Joseph B. Kenkel.

The staff considers it a distinct privilege to congratulate the latest addition to the Alumni, the Class of '34. May achievement and success attend you wherever you go, and may you uphold the motto of your class, "Qui Erimus Nunc Fimus."

With pride we convey the information that two of these graduates — the two who received the highest distinction at St. Joseph's in 1934 — are continuing their studies at the University of Innsbruck, Tyrol, Austria. We are confident that William J. McKune and Joseph L. Allgeier will leave a record at Innsbruck as enviable as the "Summa Cum Laude" which they received here.

Pursuing their studies for the priesthood in the Community of the Precious Blood at St. Charles Seminary, Carthage, Ohio, are the following: Richard F. Dirksen, Herbert J. Eilerman, John W. Hamme, Herman J. Herbst, Victor F. Kreinbrink, Arnold J. Meiering, Anthony E. Migoni, Vincent A. Nels, John P. Sheehan, Bernard C. Schmitt, Michael A. Storm, Anthony J. Traser, Norbert A. Sulkowski, Edmund Van Oss, Valerian J. Volin, and Robert O. Wuest.

A L U M N I

Congratulations! Seminarians of the Precious Blood! May your preparation for the harvest of souls be blessed!

If the members of the faculty of St. Meinrad's Seminary were inclined to boast of their enrollment, they certainly could back any statement they might make, for among their new students are twelve who hail from St. Joseph's. They are: Dominic J. Altieri, Louis J. Balbach, Edward W. Fischer, Joseph W. Fontana, James F. Heckman, Charles J. Kelty, Julian F. and William H. Pank, Clarence E. Pettit, Earl J. Rausch, Vernon J. Rosenthal, and last year's talented editor of *The Collegian*, Alfred "Shad" Horrigan.

To you also at St. Meinrad's we wish a blessed career.

St. Gregory's Seminary is fortunate in having four of our graduates join its ranks this year. Stephen M. Cvaniga, Joseph A. Jacobs, Dominic P. Pallone, and Henry B. Miller are those who will spread the fame of St. Joseph's there.

Because Thomas E. Buren, Delbert L. Welch, and Chester B. Bowling merited the Basselin Scholarship, they are pursuing their philosophical studies at the Catholic University. No small meed of praise do these three young men deserve. We bestow it generously!

Charles Scheidler is engaged in a very artificial occupation, assisting his father

manufacture ice; Carl Vandagriff is following his favorite profession, that of playing the piano in an orchestra; Frank Gannon is planning to take a Medical course at the University of Louisville; Myron Huelsman is at the University of Dayton. To them all we extend our kindest wishes: good luck and success!

As to the whereabouts of John Dalton, Frederick Dober, Richard Hoshock, Joseph O'Leary, Clement Pettit, Eugene Scher, William Conces, Gomar DeCocker, Aloysius Geimer, Robert Kelley, Thomas McCrate, Henry Rager, and Frank Ward we are uncertain and we anticipate hearing from them. Come on, Alumni! Drop us a line and let us know where you are and what you are doing!

•

On Sunday, September 16th, William Szemetko, an alumnus of St. Joseph's, passed away at the home of his parents after a year's lingering sickness. While with us Bill was prominent in both scholastic and athletic activities. He had the honor of being chosen by his classmates as their president in their senior year. In 1929-30 he was president of the Dwenger Mission Unit, and received the distinction of being made Paladin Leader, an honor coveted by all members. In addition to this he served as editor of the Locals for *The Collegian*. To his parents, brothers, and sister we offer our sincerest sympathy. May he rest in peace!

H.S.M., '35





IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWERS



A homelike environment is always conducive to a homelike spirit. St. Joseph's has always endeavored

Improvements to develop homelike
and surroundings, and per-
Beautifications haps for this reason
more than for any
other can justly boast of the good-fellowship that prevails among its students.

When we students who had been here before returned this fall we found the campus ready. Every inch of the spacious lawns was neatly trimmed; and flower beds were so tastily placed and designed that they filled us with the feeling of welcome.

Soon we discovered new faces — not long-drawn and disappointed, but glad with the intoxication of the picturesque landscape. We became acquainted, and when we escorted these newcomers within their new home our own surprise was no less great than theirs. Everywhere the decorators had been at work: in the Main Building, the Library, the Gymnasium, the Club Rooms.

Surely the college freshman can contentedly rest their Economics, Science, Accounting, Law, Languages, or what-nots beneath the new blue-gray and ivory tinted walls of their assembly hall. All of us step softly and cautiously as we tiptoe upon the freshly varnished and highly polished floor of the library. All of us, too, will feel even more at home in the rooms of several of the professors, for

there also skillful decorators have been at work. But when we go to our club, our appreciation is unsurpassed. Some genius must have selected the color scheme of aquamarine and ivory, and designed the harmonious border so appropriate to our club and its activities. None other than Sir Walter Raleigh himself stands guard in that border over the Kings and Queens, the Aces and Knaves that cautiously observe the proceedings of their counterparts below on the tables. That genius, let it be noised above the roar of the club's loud speakers, and amplified till the grateful message reaches him, was our own Vincent Nels of the class of '34, now an alumnus.



Alumni Hall echoed and reechoed with more laughter than it had for many a day

when the students were recently entertained by Jess Pugh, one of the world's greatest humorists. Mr. Pugh introduced himself as the man who, before the depression, was very often listed on the menu of Chamber of Commerce, Rotary, and Kiwanis Club dinners, — those dinners that had for their first course oysters, and for their last, NUTS.

This comic lecturer has worked with the National Broadcasting Company. For two years he played the "Old Punch" character

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

with Alice Joy in New York. At present he is doing extra work on the Little Orphan Annie and Rube Appleberry programs. The first of October will find Jess taking the part of a devil-god in a new broadcast sponsored by the Libby Evaporated Milk Company.

A long time will have elapsed before the wit that Jess left with us becomes stale.



It was with a feeling of deep sorrow that we students of St. Joseph's learned of the death of Father Bernard Condon's mother during the past summer. We offer you our heartfelt sympathy, Father, and assure you that we will remember in prayer her whose loss you mourn.

In Sympathy

Bernard Condon's
mother during the past

summer. We offer you our heartfelt sympathy, Father, and assure you that we will remember in prayer her whose loss you mourn.



On Tuesday morning, July 10th, St. Augustine's Catholic Church in Rensselaer was the scene of the wedding of Miss Marie Henneberger of New York City and Peter Heimes, infirmarian and registered nurse at St. Joseph's College. Reverend Nicholas Greiwe, pastor of the church, officiated at the wedding, using the double ring ceremony; Father Cyrille Knue of Collegeville sang the nuptial Mass. An intimate friend of the groom, Joseph Gedden, also of Collegeville, chanted the solos at the Mass. Two other friends, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schuster, were witnesses.

Our Infirmarian

wedding of Miss Marie
Henneberger of New

York City and Peter Heimes, infirmarian and registered nurse at St. Joseph's College. Reverend Nicholas Greiwe, pastor of the church, officiated at the wedding, using the double ring ceremony; Father Cyrille Knue of Collegeville sang the nuptial Mass. An intimate friend of the groom, Joseph Gedden, also of Collegeville, chanted the solos at the Mass. Two other friends, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schuster, were witnesses.

Several members of the faculty who were home at the time honored our infirmarian by attending his wedding. We, the editor and staff of *The Collegian*, take this opportunity to express our sincerest congratulations and best wishes to Mr. Heimes and

his bride. Although he now lives in a beautiful residence on Home Avenue in Rensselaer, "Pete," as we students familiarly call him, is as punctual as ever at accepting our Infirmary Permits and taking care of aches and bruises. His jovial smile, a veritable painkiller always, has increased, so that we know that Mr. and Mrs. Heimes are very happy in their cozy home just off College Avenue.



At six o'clock on the morning of September 11th, a cruel, harsh-sounding bell ended for 270 young men three long months of vacation. Lazily they rolled over and rubbed their eyes; peering out the windows they saw tall, stately tamaracks, maples and oaks, and for the first time realized fully that they were about to emerge from bed into a new scholastic year.

*The Students
Return*

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men three long months
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they rolled over and rubbed their eyes; peering out the windows they saw tall, stately tamaracks, maples and oaks, and for the first time realized fully that they were about to emerge from bed into a new scholastic year.

Officially opening the new scholastic year, a Solemn High Mass was celebrated in honor of the Holy Ghost by Rev. Charles Towell of Georgetown, Ky. Rev. Eugene Luckey, C.P.P.S., and Rev. Albert Wuest, C.P.P.S. assisted as deacon and subdeacon respectively.

High Mass was sung on the first Sunday of the school year by the Very Reverend President, Joseph B. Kenkel, C.P.P.S. In his inspirational address Father Kenkel pointed out to the students that a daily practice of the cardinal virtues would assure them the highest degree of success, not only while they are at St. Joseph's, but also after they have gone forth into the world and met face to face with the realities of life.

The first Monday after the reorganization of classes was proclaimed a free day

IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWERS

for all. Some spent their time that morning walking southward on Highway No. 53; others tramped along the banks of the Iroquois. The "old men," however, still recognized the sand pit as their Mecca. In the afternoon nearly the entire student-body visited Rensselaer. The little theatre around the corner was filled to capacity from two-thirty until four o'clock. There Robert Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan entertained the boys in "Hide Out."

And not forgotten! The Reverend Ildephonse Rapp, C.P.P.S., on June 25th, left behind him the portals *Tried and True* of St. Joseph's, where he had done his work so well during his thirty years as a successful professor. Fond reminiscences live in the minds of the alumni and students who were so fortunate as to attend his memorable classes.

During his extended professorship, Father Rapp was for eighteen years director of the college band; namely, from 1904 to 1922. For twenty years he guided the destinies of the Newman Club, and for the entire thirty, those of the Columbian Literary Society, acting as faculty moderator of both. While in these latter capacities he directed more than 150 major plays and 300 minor productions as well as a vast number of lesser literary programs. Besides his supervision of these dramatic activities, Father Rapp was at the head of the college and high school Public Speaking Departments, and was at the same time professor of Latin.

We do not say farewell, Father, but "Auf Wiedersehen!" We know that as often as your duties as chaplain at Notre Dame Convent, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, permit it, you will visit us. And we will

welcome your return. May God bless you in your new undertakings!

When September 10th. wrote finis to another of those fleeting vacations, it brought us face to face *Our New Faculty* with new studyhalls, new books, and also three new members of the faculty — the Reverends Eugene Luckey, Albert Wuest, and Carl Longanbach. St. Joseph's welcomes you, Reverend Fathers, and wishes every success to be yours.

Father Luckey, previous to his appointment here, was a professor at Brunnerdale Preparatory Seminary. He is taking over the Department of Public Speaking which carries with it the duty of moderator of the Columbian Literary Society and of the Newman Club. He is also professor of German.

Having for the past two years pursued his postgraduate studies in the Sciences at the Catholic University, Father Wuest has been appointed professor in St. Joseph's Department of Science. He is teaching Physics and Mathematics.

Besides his assignment to the office of Assistant Prefect of Discipline, Father Longanbach has joined the staff of teachers of English, Greek, and Religion. He brings his sunny smile back to St. Joseph's from St. Charles Seminary, Carthagena, Ohio, where he was ordained last May.

Still another change has taken place on the disciplinary staff: Brother Fidelis, old trusty, has retired from his position as studyhall prefect after proving himself for nearly twenty years more than worthy of the name "Fidelis." Since 1905 he has been steadfast and faithful to the several

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Fathers whom he has assisted, and a true friend to the many students who come under his care. We miss your kind face, Brother Fidelis, and hope that your days of retirement will be the enjoyable ones you deserve.

To fill the position left vacant by Brother Fidelis, a more happy choice could not have been made than that of Father Francis Uecker who came to us already last year. Father Francis, as every one's pal, you are truly welcome.

Another welcome is in order, and that in the name of the editor and staff of *The Collegian*, to Father Sylvester Ley, who has taken up the duties of Mr. Thomas Gaynor as assistant faculty supervisor of this publication. The genial Mr. Gaynor

completed a two year professorship at St. Joseph's last June. Greetings, Father Sylvester; we are confident that you will help us.

●
This fall, because of the very special offer given us, the contract for printing

*Our
New Printers*

The Collegian was awarded to The Messenger Press of Carthage, Ohio. During the ten years that the Rensselaer Republican Company printed our publication, we have indeed received work of a superior quality, as the four Merit Awards from the National Scholastic Press Association testify. We are deeply grateful to the Rensselaer Republican Company for their courteous service during all this time.

J.F.S., '35 and J.A.D., '35





COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Welcoming their new moderator, the Reverend Eugene Luckey, (he is, by the way, a former vice-president of the society) with a decided show of sparkle and verve, the Columbians inaugurated their activities for the ensuing year with a short business meeting, Sunday morning, September 16th. It immediately became evident that a rather torrid summer had not sapped any of their initiative and vivacity, as they at once cleared decks for action. After the usual *ex tempore* declamations had been hushed, the following men were selected to manage the affairs of the organization for the first semester: John Downey, President; Edward Hession, Secretary; John O'Brien, Vice-President; Alvin Burns, Treasurer; Ambrose Heiman, Critic; Hugh Hasson, Henry Martin and Harold Roth, Executive Committee.

A membership drive has been initiated, and plans, likewise, are being formed for a gala occasion on the eve of Columbus Day. As far as the Spotlight has been able to ascertain, the evening's program calls for the inaugural address of the President, a debate, and a one-act play entitled *The Laziest Man in the World*. The members of the cast are: John La Badie and

August Wolf, two burglars called respectively, Jim and Bill; John Samis as Mr. Hemit, their host; and Ignatius Stohr, playing the part of Benson, a servant.

All in all, this year's Columbian Literary Society, despite its loss of considerable talent, should at least equal if not excel last year's enviable record.



DWENGER MISSION UNIT

Ben Johnson, that sage of English letters, by no human device or means possible could have divined that the D.M.U. was going to hold its election of officers for the present year on Saturday evening, September 22nd. It happens, however, that one of his adages, "All concord's born of contraries," has quite a bearing on that specific meeting. For, although the members may have entered Alumni Hall bitterly antagonistic and frothing with rivalry, it was obvious from the Spotlighter's point of view, that a more firmly welded group, exhibiting a true mission spirit, never left those portals than the one that left that night.

The reason is likewise plain; a glance at the following ensemble of officers reveals it: John Samis, President; George

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Heinzen, Vice-President; John La Badie, Scribe; Albert Van Nevel, Exchequer; and Earl Foos, Librarian. With such a prow to cut the waves that may buffet the society during the year, Father Knue, the moderator, can preserve an air of confidence that this year's Dwenger Mission Unit will go down in the annals of Collegeville as one of the most mission-spirited groups of young men that ever graced the corridors of this institution. Excelsior, Dwengerites!

RALEIGH SMOKING CLUB

Ushered in by the soothing syncopation of the Club orchestra, playing this year under the baton of the king of nonchalance, Henry Martin, the R.S.C. held its get-together meeting Sunday evening, September 23rd. Aided by a most amiable master of ceremonies, James Scott, and by the thrilling tenor solos of James O'Grady, Mr. Martin presented a delightful repertoire of modern music. Among the numbers presented, "Love in Bloom," "Hells Bells," and "I Never Had a Chance" seemed to be the most appreciated.

With the appointing of an initiating committee, warning was semiformally given to the rookies that their period of probation was not far away, and that the ghastly will-o'-the-wisp, the Spirit, would be dogging their steps for the next few weeks.

The billiard room, under the management of Justin Serocinski and George Rodman, seems to be quite a magnet toward which quite a few of the new fellows flock.

It must be your personality, so keep up your good work, boys.

* * * *

Bagatelle: (With apologies to Shakespeare) Some are bored often; some aspire after boredom; and some have the board thrust upon them.

THE MONOGRAM CLUB

The "J" men, or as some one has ambiguously put it, Collegeville's men of letters, snugly ensconced in their cozy club room in the north-west corner of the Gymnasium, likewise have reorganized for the present year. George D. La Noue holds the office of chief gavel-swinger, or if the occasion calls for it, of chief board-swinger, while John Samis performs the combined duties of Secretary-Treasurer. Holding the privilege of being the most exclusive club on the campus, the Monogram Club is quite an aid to the men in training while in competition in the various sports. Its homey atmosphere and the gay spirit of camaraderie that permeates the club at all times tend to develop a spirit of harmony and clean sportsmanship among its members.

Quite a number of its elite are at present gamboling on the college gridiron; still they seem to have time to drop in ever so often to refresh their tired bodies by the soothing route of a current magazine or an interesting game of cards. Although the Spotlihter is not as yet an adept at forecasting, he feels that he will not be far off when he predicts that the Monogram boys will have a very successful year.

J.E.Q., '35



Once again autumn is paying us a visit, and the pointed oval, commonly known as the football, comes into prominence. In fact, to judge from the general appearance of the north campus in the past few weeks, one may rightly say that the air is full of pigskins; for fifty or sixty lads, gallantly answering the well-known call of Coach De Cook, are out to help build up a machine that will give the opposing teams something to taste besides victory.

Graduation has dealt a severe blow to St. Joe's lineup. The replacing of Joe Fontana and Gomar DeCocker, rock-like tackles; of Bill Conces, giant guard; of Dom Altieri, alert end; and of "Rusty" Scheidler, lusty fullback, are the outstanding difficulties facing Coach De Cook at present. An injury during the early part of the season will probably put Dick Palmer, center, out of the lineup permanently. Appendicitis has caused Norb Dreiling to withdraw for the season. And on top of all these drawbacks, the present material is rather green, or at least not overly matured in the Notre Dame system of play.

The filling of the center position seems to be drawing the most attention, as none of last year's centers is available. We are confident, however, that before the season is well under way, a skilled man will fill the center's shoes, and that there will be men to the right and to the left

of him capable of holding any attack of the opponents.

Those regulars of last year who have returned are Joe Leutermann and Norm Heckman, linemen; and George La Noue, Joe Smolar, and Jim O'Grady, backs. Besides these veterans are a number of likelihoods, who will undoubtedly see action before the season comes to a close.

The one big incentive urging the squad to greater efforts is the very extensive schedule which has been arranged by Father Koenn and Coach De Cook. It follows:

- Oct. 6 — Rose Poly - Home
- Oct. 13 — Elmhurst Varsity - Home
- Oct. 20 — Valparaiso U. Frosh - Home
- Oct. 27 — Manchester College - Away
- Nov. 3 — Central Normal College - Away

By the time this *Collegian* is off the press two of the hardest classics will have been staged. Rose Poly, once a regular foe of Purdue and other leading universities and colleges of this state, is still well known in these parts. Elmhurst is another mighty aggregation, though its last year's record was not exactly up to par. Due to the fact that the Valpo U. reserves edged out the Cardinals last year, 13 - 6, our team is waiting to avenge that sad defeat. Manchester and Central Normal are rated above the St. Joe squad, but anything can

happen in a football game. With a break or two to its credit, St. Joe may pull out of its tough schedule with a record of which to be proud.

We students rise to give you, St. Joe's

Varsity, a loyal sendoff! We are behind you from the beginning and to the very end. Let the Cardinal and Purple flourish as never before, and let those colors henceforth be respected by every foe!

SPORTSMAN'S NOTES

Football is the sport of sports in the estimation of many leading men of the nation.

•

Some say that it gives you a real sense of sportsmanship; others, that it makes you alert; still others, that it makes you think.

•

That's the kind of a team a coach dreams of — one that thinks before, during, and after each game.

•

They say that football players and common pins are somewhat alike — both are useless when they lose their heads.

•

We expect to see quite a bit of classy football played in the class league this year.

•

Did it ever occur to you that the Cardinal and Purple held all opposing teams to two or less touchdowns during the entire season, last year?

•

How in the world will the coach find five linesmen like he lost last year, who

averaged over 190 pounds for a total mass of almost half a ton?

•

The players are doing their part; it's up to us to give them the right kind of backing.

•

An ideal student-body in the line of sportsmanship is one that yells as loud when its team is losing as when it is winning. It is one that also gives the visiting team an even break.

Let's have an ideal student-body.

•

At this time we deem it appropriate to publish officially the new College song written by Thomas Gaynor, in collaboration with Rudolph Bierberg, and Michael Stohr. The peppy musical accompaniment has been furnished by St. Joe's master of music, Professor Paul Tonner.

•

For a long time St. Joe has been in dire need of such a song. We now feel that our expectations have been realized, and that this, our "Banner - Fight Song," will be worthy of our fair Alma Mater.

E. I. H., '35.

SPORTSMAN'S NOTES

BANNER - FIGHT SONG

Let's join and sing a song for old St. Joe,
And make the chorus ring;
With mighty cheers we'll raise our flag
to fly
Upon the breeze's wing.
Let's fill the earth with blissful melody,
While in the changing sky
Our banner braves the reach of storms
and winds, to teach
Us how to live and die.
The cardinal's bright hue inspires us
With courage for the fight;
The royal purple on our banner keeps
Us firmly to the right.
No storms shall shake that sound and
steady faith,
Though raging winds may blow;
With brave and fighting heart, we'll strive
to do our part
And fight for old St. Joe.
Fight, fight! Come on, let's go!

Fight, fight for old St. Joe.
Come on, let's give them all we got!
Rah! rah! rah!
We'll win this game or know why not.
Rah! rah! rah!

Football:

Back-field, let's hit that line;
Line-men, let's hold that line.
Add to the Card'nals fame
This victory and name —
Come on boys, we'll win this game.

Basketball:

Forwards, let's pass that ball;
Center, pivot that ball.

Baseball:

Infield, let's whip that ball;
Outfield, let's snag that ball.





HAVE YOU
HEARD
THIS ONE?



The gum-chewing girl and the cud-chewing cow,

Are somewhat alike, yet different somehow.

But how can that be? Oh, yes I see now —

It's the calm, thoughtful look on the face of the cow.

Englishman: "What's that bloomin' noise I 'ear outside this time of night?"

American: "Why, that's an owl."

Englishman: "Of course it is, but 'o's 'owling?"

Drunk: "Shay, call me a cab, willya?"

Bystander: "My good man, I'm not a doorman, I am a naval officer."

Drunk: "Awright, then call me a boat, gotta get home."

Martin: "What is your idea of harmony?"

Heckman: "A freckle faced girl in a polka dot dress leading a giraffe."

Prof: "If a number of cattle is called a herd, and a number of sheep is called a flock, what would a number of camels be called?"

Andres: "A carton."

Cain: "Say, O'Brien, if you had five dollars in your pocket, what would you do?"

O'Brien: "Check up to find out whose pants I was wearing."

The squad of recruits had been taken out to the rifle range for their first try at marksmanship. They knelt at 250 yards and fired. Not a hit. They moved up to 200 yards. Not a hit. They tried it at 100. Not a hit.

"Tenshun!" the sergeant bawled. "Fix bayonets! Charge! It's your only chance."

Hendrickson: "George, if you had twenty sheep in a field, and five got out, how many would there be in the field?"

Kelly: "Not any."

Hendrickson: "George, you don't know your arithmetic."

Kelly: "Boy, you don't know your sheep!"

They walked in the lane together,
The sky was covered with stars;
They reached the gate in silence,
He lifted down the bars.

She neither smiled nor thanked him,
Because she knew not how;
For he was just a farmer boy,
And she — a Jersey cow.

Ikey and Rachel took little Moses to the movies. The attendant warned them that unless the child kept quiet, they would have to leave and would get their money back. Half way through the principal film, Ikey turned to Rachel and whispered: "Vell, vot do you think of it?"

"Rotten," replied Rachel.

"Yes," answered Ikey, "pinch de baby."

PALACE THEATRE

SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 15, 16

Grace Moore in
"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE"

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 18

Constance Bennett in
"OUTCAST LADY"

SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 22, 23

Norma Shearer and F. March in
"BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET"

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 25

J. Durante and C. Butterworth in
"STUDENT TOUR"

SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 29, 30

Mae West in
"BELLE OF THE NINETIES"

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, NOVEMBER 1

James Dunn in
"AGE OF INNOCENCE"

SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 5, 6

Ann Harding in
"THE FOUNTAIN"

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STUDENTS

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Ottenweller: "Was I there?"

O'Connor: "Yes, that's how I knew it
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Worden and Keller
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WHEN ?

ANY TIME

Leuterman: "I have a chance on the
football team."

Prope: "Gee, when are they going to
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GREETING CARDS
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LUNCHEONETTE
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Seroczynski: "I'll try hard, Dad. But you know how those things leak out."

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Scharf: "Who gave you that black eye?"

Westhoven: "Nobody. I had to fight
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Not Responsible

Teacher (pointing to map) : "Now, when you stand facing the north you have on your right hand the great continent of Asia. What have you on your left?"

Boy: "A wart, but I can't help it, ma'am."

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